He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
*Cla.* My brothers loue, the *D*euell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the deuell, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
*Cla.* Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
*I* am his brother, and *I* loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And *I* will send you to my brother Gloecster,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloecster hates you.
*Cla.* Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
*Am. I*, so we will.
*Cla. T*ell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
*B*lest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided freindship.
Bid Gloecster thinke of this and he will weepe.
*Am. I*, milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.
*Cla* O, do not slander him for he is kinde,
1 Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
*Cla-It* cannot be: for when *I* parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2 *W*hy so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
*Cla.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with *G*od,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?
Ah sirs, consider he that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,





2 *W*hat shall we do?
*Cla.* Relent and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
*Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish
My friend, *I* spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh *I*f thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pities not?
1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
*I*le chop thee in the malmesey *B*utt in the next roome.
2 A bloudie deede, and desperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would *I* wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
1 *W*hy doest thou not helpe me?
*B*y heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 *I* would he knew that *I* had saued his brother,
*T*ake thou the fee, and tel him what I say,
For *I* repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:
Now must *I* hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here *I* must not stay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.*

*King.* So, now *I* haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since *I* haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
*Ri. B*y heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand *I* seale my true hearts loue.
*Hast.* So thriue *I* as *I* sweare the like.
*King. T*ake heed you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.